

## TUESDAY.

## BRUSH PAINTING.

Miss Baird, who has had great opportunities of studying the subject, has kindly consented to read a paper on this subject.

PAPER II. The Art of Living in other People's Houses.

PAPER III. The Preparation of Boys for School.

## CRITICISM LESSON.

Miss Drury has kindly promised to give one of these.

DISCUSSION. On the Programmes.

## WEDNESDAY.

PAPER I. On Collections, Moth Rearing, &c.

PAPER II. The Teaching of Literature and the love of it.

PAPER III. Our Possibilities of Expansion.

## CRITICISM LESSON.

DISCUSSION. How far can the Governess be the Friend?

Offers to take criticism lessons or speak on these subjects will be gratefully received.

I hope we shall all realize what a great debt we owe to Miss Mason, not only for the past inestimable benefits we have all reaped from her influence, but by giving to us this opportunity of bringing about a loyal and thankful re-union of workers, and for enabling them once more to realize that where they have succeeded it has been in following the great ideals set before them. And for those of us who may feel the despondency of failure there will be that quickening of hope which springs from the recognition of our own weakness as the means and the eternal strength of the end ever in view.

## NORFOLK NOTES.

Autumn is fast approaching, in the garden the limes are getting bare and draggled, and birds are beginning to look out for crumbs. Outside it is getting to be an event of note to find a new flower. In the woods the various fungi are to be seen, and we anticipate making a list of those to be found round our village. We rejoice in a botanist of no small renown—to wit, the local chemist. He specialises in ferns, mosses, and microscopic fungi. Now that we have lost Mr. Geldart we go to him with all our new flowers. The death of Mr. Geldart is keenly felt by all East Anglian naturalists as well as book-lovers, and it will be very long before he is replaced.

The evenings are drawing in now, and with the stormy nights begin again the wanderings of "Old Shuck," the headless ghost hound of Norfolk. Old fishermen are afraid to walk the lanes at night for fear of meeting him. His bay is heard whenever the sea runs high. In the village we have a tiny lane with high hedges, like a Devonshire drang, leading to a quarry. This lane goes by the name of Mad Dog's Pass—perhaps Old Shuck has been seen there by some doomed-to-die-within-a-year fisherman. There is a belief current here that when a man dies his "spook" walks the lanes at night and wails at passers-by, and in one house in our village "ole man Nash" disturbs his family with his groans.

The roads are still trembling with the boom-and-smash-up motor-cars, and you meet them in the narrowest lanes.

One of our favourite drives is to S—l—b—g, about three miles from here, where the road divides a large estate consisting of extensive woods, stretches of heather and gorse, and two large ponds or small lakes. One lake is close to the road, and about a third of it is covered with reeds—not that beautiful pinkish reed-grass beloved by Students on the lakes, but the large brown dusky plumes of a larger reed, grown here, I think, as cover for the numerous water-birds. Here amongst the swampy ground we have found monks-hood, marsh valerian—greater and lesser, hairy mint, purple



loosestrife, great willow-herb, golden saxifrage, water pericaria, marsh forget-me-not, and a host of other moisture-loving plants. Amongst the reeds, with their long toes in the water, are young alders and willows. By the roadside just here are all manner of thistles—the various plume thistles, carline thistle, Scotch thistle, and just a little farther on dyers rocket growing on a dry bank. In the lanes on the way are golden rod and St. John's wort in great profusion, and the hedges are blue with hare-bells.

There are very extensive pine-woods here, the haunt of many gold-crested wrens and other small birds, as well as squirrels, wood-peckers, nuthatches, &c. Just now the railway cuttings are gay with succory, of which there is an eloquent description in "John's Flowers of the Field" (does everyone know that the 29th edition is quite up to date and corresponds with the 9th Edition London Catalogue?) On B—ston bog we find knotted spurrey, grass of Parnassus, and lesser spear-wort. On the golf-links striated corn catch-fly, English catch-fly, and a most quaint cudweed with little clusters of shiny brown heads, whose florets are almost microscopic. The shore has a strange appearance when the tide is low. First comes the interminable pebble ridge, then a stretch of hard sand—ideal for a gallop—then a broad barrier of broken up marl, dazzlingly white with patches of seaweed and a glint of water, then a narrow channel of water, and beyond come the rocks, with the breakers just appearing over them as the tide turns. We do not often go to the beach now: the bathing is over, and there is little life in the pools and no shells. The shore is too open and the sea too boisterous for the peace-loving small fry, though further out crabs, lobsters and many fish are found in large numbers. Some adventurous spirits indulge in dab-fishing, which consists of sitting for hours in an anchored boat, holding a line which gives scarcely an indication of a bite, and rocked by a swell calculated to upset anyone but a hardened salt.

S. H.

## IN MEMORIAM.

HERBERT D. GELDART, DIED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1902.

To those of us who have known something of the helpful kindness of Mr. Geldart in all matters pertaining to Nature Lore, his death must be a loss which it is impossible to estimate at once.

His never-failing courtesy in replying to letters, the trouble he would take over even an unimportant query, are lessons we may all of us take to heart in these days of hurry and impatience. When thinking of this we should remember that it was a most learned man who thus gave time and trouble to the novices needing assistance in Natural Science. Some idea of the work he did may be gained from the short account printed elsewhere.

It will be of interest to many of you to know a little of Mr. Geldart's work in connection with the House of Education, and the examination of our Nature Note-books, the Class List and Reports of which were so anxiously looked for every year.

In the summer of 1893 he came to stay with us at "Springfield," in order to see what could be done about an examination of our Nature work. The Nature Note-books had already been started on February 3rd of the same year, and as Mr. Geldart was looking through them he said, "I can think of nothing better than to examine these." This was decided, and since December, 1893, until December, 1901, the books went up yearly for his inspection. That this was carefully and methodically done need hardly be stated. Each page, each painting was examined, compared, and contrasted, noted and marked (again a lesson for each of us—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do!"). Nothing was overlooked, full justice and appreciation were invariably the reward of merit. To some of us long years of friendship have made the loss of this kindly, courteous gentleman a life-long sorrow. There is no one to take his place; such